Shredded Memories

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Summary: When Howdy goes to a new extreme to get Pashy to like him, will Dexter reveal the truth, or will his emotions get the better of him? Oneshot, but really cute!


Shredded Memories

Disclaimer: sniffâ€¦I don't own him, but I can dream

Author's note: Hiya! Melissa here! Just letting ya'll know the plotline is a little different than in the show. Howdy and Dexter still have huge crushes on Pashy, but Pashmina doesn't know. It's obvious to all but her! Anyway, this is my first oneshot, so be nice!

Dexter stood, standing there. He glanced around, staring at the piles of rubbish strewn across his room. Photos and drawings, all remnants of his haunted past by his one true love. Pashmina. Her name still rung in his ears. How had it come to this? He laughed, a grim laugh that screamed disappointment. The tale of how this had come to be was really quite funny. Of coarse, if you were in Dexter's position, you'd not think this a laughable moment. Dexter recalled the memory of earlier that day, letting a tear just barely slide down his furry cheek. Flashbackâ€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦..

Sandy found Dexter and Howdy in the kitchen, once again nose to nose, arguing some pointless thing about Pashmina.

"Boys! Break it up!" She scolded, pulling their heads apart as they took wild swipes at each other. Unfortunately, one of Howdy's madly flailing arms hit Sandy squarely in the eye. She was knocked onto the floor, and when she stood up, she was sporting a large black eye.

"Sandy, I didn't mean toâ€¦" Howdy tried to explain.

"That's the last time I ever try to stop you two!" Sandy yelled at them. "You wanna kill yourselves, go ahead!" and she stormed out of the kitchen, leaving Howdy and Dexter quite alone. The two boys swapped glares, and left the room.

"And that's how I got this." Sandy told Bijou, pointing at her eye.

"Dexter and Howdy, zey can be quite stupid, no?" Bijou replied. Suddenly, Pashmina ran into the room, sobbing.

"M-my scarf! It's, it's g-gone!" She cried, as Sandy and Bijou stood around her. Indeed, Pashmina looked quite bland without her scarf.

"Where was it the last time you saw it?" Sandy asked.

"W-well," Pashmina eased up, "I was watching the Hammy Tubbies with Penelope, and I got bored and fell asleep and when I woke upâ€¦" She burst into tears again.

"Don't worry, Pashy! Ve vill find zee scarf!" Bijou exclaimed. Pashmina perked up a bit, and the three friends went to search. It was not long before they came upon the kitchen, where Dexter and Howdy still stood, yelling at each other.

"What are they fighting about this time?" Pashmina asked. As the hams did not want to tell her the truth, they had invented various stories for what they were arguing about, all of which were completely ridiculous, and all of which Pashmina believed totally.

Sandy and Bijou had no idea what to say. They were spared having to lie to her, by Dexter, having apparently overheard them.

"Wonderful idea, Pashmina!" Dexter cheered, smirked at Howdy, who looked rather pale. "Why don't you tell the ladies why we were fighting?"

"Well, err, umâ€¦" Howdy spluttered.

"Well, I'll tell them then!" Dexter piped up.

"Dexter, c'mon! We're all pals here, right? It was just a friendly spat!" Howdy said, turning red, his eyes darting towards the door.

"Dexter and I were fighting becauseâ€¦" Dexter smirked again "he took something that wasn't his. Stole, actually. You want to know what it was?"

"Now, Dexter, there's really no needâ€¦" Howdy was turning quite pink now.

"It was Pashmina's scarf!" Dexter cried. "Do you want to know why he took it?"

"Yeah! Why'd you take Pashy's scarf, you meanie?" Sandy shot at Howdy, who was now the color of a tomato.

"He took it because he wanted you to notice him, Pashy." Dexter smiled. Howdy gulped, and made a mad dash towards the door, only to be stopped by Sandy and Bijou, who grabbed him by his paws and held him in view.

At first, Pashmina's eyes swam with tears. Then, her expression altered to interest.

"How did you get past Penelope?" She asked him. Instantly, a yellow blob erupted from the closet door, a piece of cloth tied around her mouth. She hobbled over to Pashmina, (which really was a trouble for she still had one foot tied to one paw) and allowed Pashy to untie her.

"YOU LOCKED HER IN A CLOSET!" Pashmina yelled, rage in every syllable.

"Pashyâ€¦I," Howdy stuttered "I only did it to make you like me. I was going to "find" the scarf for you, and impress you. I just wanted you to love me." Pashmina's eyes went from anger filled, to sympathetic. She motioned for Sandy and Bijou to release Howdy, and she ran up to him.

"Howdy, I do love you. I justâ€¦" But, before she could finish, Dexter let loose a cry like a wounded animal. He rushed out of the kitchen and charged into his own room.

At first, all he could do was cry, and so he did for what seemed like hours. Then, he had the sudden urge to do something really crazy. He wanted to free himself of this unbearable pain. To rid himself of the feeling of loss, the sadness of failure. He had to erase his memory of bitter regret, once and for all. He gathered up his precious items, drawings, photos, notes and stories, anything that held a trace of Pashmina. He took one mighty swipe, and reduced them to shreds.

â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦End of Flashbackâ€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦..

Dexter was no longer crying. He knew he would never be complete now. Not without Pashmina, but, seeing as she was already taken, this would stay a fantasy. Suddenly, Dexter heard a knock on his door. He had a feeling of who it was. He allowed whoever it was to enter the room and sit down beside him. He tilted his head. Pashmina.

"Dexter, are you okay?" she asked him. The real answer was no, but Dexter could not bring himself to answer. "You know, it's really sweet, what you've been doing." Pashmina told Dexter. He perked up a bit.

"What do you mean?" He asked.

"Don't try to lie to me, Dexter, I know that you and Howdy are always arguing because you want to protect me." Pashy answered. Dexter sat blankly.

"I can't believe that Howdy likes me." She continued.

"Yeah. He can be a real handful, sometimes." Dexter responded.

"I can see why you want to protect me from him, I justâ€¦"

"Love him" Dexter finished for her, darkly.

"Dexter, you didn't let me finish. When I said that, I said I loved him, but I wasn't in love with him." Pashmina told him. Dexter perked up at the sounds of these words. Yes! He still had a chance!

"I love you and Howdy, you're both my friends." Pashmina continued. Dexter had the sudden urge to tell her.

"Pashmina, Iâ€¦" Dexter muttered. He looked into Pashmina's eyes, her beautiful eyes, and decided not to burden her with the truth. Instead, he told her something different, but no all together a lie.

"I'm glad we're friends." He finished. Before he knew it, he found Pashmina's arms wrapped around him. He returned her hug, turning red. Little did he know, Pashmina was turning red too. Another day he would tell her. And while he could, he enjoyed this little alone time he had, with Pashmina, with his one true love.

Well, there ya have it! Y'all thought that Pashmina liked Howdy! Tricked ya! Well, just a little fluff to read when you get bored! Review soon, and keep reading!


End
file.